

## 10:37pm by EvieSmallwood

**Series:** [the tales of short stack and string bean \[10\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, aka my husband, features everyones main man, most of the gang is here this time, mr deputy harrington

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

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**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

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**Summary:**

Chances are, he loves her. She loves him, too.

Chances are, they'll get caught making out in his car.

10:37pm

**Author's Note:**

- For [FateChica](#).

Warning: sexual references used ahead, proceed with caution. Material may be highly flammable—

okay i'll stop now. but yeah fair warning.

*Like night disappeared  
Caught in the atmosphere  
Where you go, she casts no shadow  
Still you know she's near*

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“Stringy.”

She tugs on his sleeve. Mike rips his gaze away from the arcade game screen, turning toward her. She looks preternatural in the red and blue light, and beyond beautiful.

“Yeah?”

“I’m tired.”

She says it loud enough for the others to hear—they’re all yelling over one another as Max kicks ass and beats all their high scores, but Will is always listening and they all have one ear open these days.

Mike nods. “Want me to take you home?”

This is met with a nod, curls bouncing. Will glances at them and raises his eyebrow, and it’s only then that Mike remembers the ‘take you home’ excuse doesn’t exactly work anymore given that Will *lives* with El, and Mike is sort of his ride.

“I’ll carpool with Dustin,” is all the smaller boy says, though, with a

knowing smile.

Mike tries to appear less excited than he feels. He doesn't know if it works, but the others are too distracted to care (until El hugs Max from behind and causes her to lose a life on the game). "Ellie, hon, I love you—but *don't do that*."

"Sorry," El doesn't look sorry. "I'll see you guys tomorrow."

"Yeah, with a new hickey," Dustin mutters.

Lucas smacks him on the arm. "Man, shut up."

"Bye."

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They're in his car, parked in the most obscure place Mike could find, and she's laughing as he talks over the radio.

He doesn't even know what he's saying, he just knows he loves the way she looks right now.

There's something about the way the moonlight hits her; glowing and almost angelic, falling over her skin like a thin white veil—shadows of leaves and branches like breaks in lace. She's staring at him with those eyes (they'd been the first things he'd seen all those years ago. not the bright yellow of her shirt or the rain trailing down her skin but her *eyes*; so lost, and desperate. she'd been yearning for help but afraid to let it show. she'd been afraid)—they're so brown, and he thanks whatever higher power that they're no longer riddled with that fear he'd seen.

She's amused, right now, and he can tell. He can tell whatever she's feeling with a half-glance there.

His gaze trails downward to the dimple in her cheek and the smirk that tilts her lips upward. Mike reaches out and brushes a stray curl away—one that's just millimetres from sticking to her gloss—before leaning in.

Their kisses are familiar by this point. He knows what her mouth feels like against his. It's hot, breathy, intense too quickly. He isn't

prepared for the way it makes him feel, though. He doesn't think he ever will be.

El readjusts, moaning as he squeezes her upper thigh. Her legs wrap around his waist, frantically grabbing at his shirt.

"Wait—" Mike breaks away. *This isn't gonna work.* "Get on me."

"What?"

"On my lap. On the seat."

She grins. There's some clambering and a curse from them both as she accidentally honks the car horn with her knee, but then she's straddling him. "This good?"

He wants to laugh. Is it *good*? Just breathing around her is good. "Yeah."

El nods. Her hand tucks beneath the hem of his shirt and pulls upward. It gets stuck at one point, which makes them both laugh, and then it's lost and out of mind (maybe in the back seat somewhere but *who cares*).

But then hers is gone too, and fuck. He starts on her neck, because he knows all it does is get her frustrated, and moves slowly downward. Her skin reddens and glistens as his tongue and teeth move over it.

He loves the way this works. He can't get enough of the way her grip tightens on his hair as his fingers brush up and down the sides of her torso, up and down her back, up the length of her thigh under her skirt—

"Hey!"

They jump apart (El's back slams into the steering wheel and the silence of the woods is once again broken by the sound of his car horn), but Mike can't feel anything other than exasperation because *of course*.

He rolls down the window a little, determined to make his irritation show.

“What do you *want*, Steve?”

(El is scrambling for her button down, which had been such a fun thing to take off—what a shame he’ll have to do it *all over again*)

Steve grins, leaning against the side of the car. He faces Mike fully, probably to protect El’s modesty. “Got a spare condom, Wheeler?”

Mike wastes no time flipping him the bird. “Go away.”

“Hey! I am the *law*. Having sex on private property is a big no-no.”

“Says Hawkins’ biggest player.”

Steve makes a noise of dissent. “‘Fraid that’s this one’s old man.”

El’s nose wrinkles, even though—despite the fact that Hopper’s tied down by exactly one woman now—it’s probably true. “*Gross*.”

She’s managed to get her shirt back on, but it’s only halfway buttoned. Mike can’t concentrate on much else, and Steve grins with triumph when he notices the flush in his face. It’s a look that says, you’re literally never gonna live this down.

Mike could probably punch someone (albeit poorly). “This isn’t even private property.”

“Half of your car is in Farmer Jenkins’s land,” Steve says. “I measured while you were getting all frisky in there. Are the windows always so foggy? You should get that checked out, might be your AC—”

“*Go. Away.*”

They both say it this time. Steve huffs. “Do I have to tell Hopper?”

“See if I care—”

“*Fuck* no—”

Mike lets his forehead fall against the half open window. El bursts into laughter.

“Alright, alright,” Steve considers them. “I’ll let you off, but you have

to swear you'll go home right now. I'm not gonna be responsible for another teen pregnancy."

"*Another?!?*"

He waves them off. "Not like that."

"Like *what?!?*"

Steve is already walking away. "Take her home, Wheeler."

Mike waits until the police cruiser pulls away before turning back to his girlfriend. She's unbuttoning her shirt.

"El."

"Yeah?"

"What are you doing?"

She frowns. "He's gone," she says, and *obviously*. "I'm getting undressed."

It takes every ounce (every. ounce.) of strength he has to shake his head and grab her hands. "I should take you home."

"What? No. *No.*"

"El..."

"*Mike.*"

"I'd like to not be skinned alive," he says. "Besides, it's almost curfew."

"A quickie," she suggests. "We could totally squeeze in a quickie—"

"Shortstack, seriously," he grins. "I'm gonna take you home. And then I'll call you tomorrow, and we'll go for breakfast, okay?"

"Or," she scoots a little closer (*fuck fuck fuck*), "we could have phone sex."

*"Oh my god."*

"I'm kidding!" She laughs, which he loves. Under any circumstance, it doesn't matter. It always makes his heart skip a beat (it's so amazing to see her mouth stretch into a smile, dimples showing, head thrown back). "Phone sex sounds gross anyway."

"You know what would be so much worse?"

Her giggle is only just starting to taper off. "No, what?"

"Supercom sex."

It makes her burst into a new round of laughter, and it only gets worse when he joins in. *"I'm coming. Over."*

"I can't breathe," she gasps.

Mike grins. He can't get enough of her. Never will. She's blushing, with her shirt still half off and what little makeup she's wearing smudged on her face, and she's absolutely perfect.

He can't help it. It's maybe the thousandth time he's asked (in actuality, the thirteenth, he's counted), and he knows what the answer will be, but the words come out of his mouth anyway. "Marry me," he says.

El only giggles more. She's either giddy or the idea of spending the rest of her life with him is suddenly the most hilarious concept ever—judging by the tears forming in her eyes—before sucking in a sharp breath. "Someday," she says. "Promise."

He nods. "Yeah, I know. Just checking."

She buries her face against his neck, shoulders still shaking, though she's collecting herself swiftly. He adores when she gets like this.

"So you're really taking me home?" She asks, after a minute or so.

Mike sighs. "Unfortunately you spent all our quickie time laughing at my extremely romantic proposal—"

“God—”

“The rejection is literally burning a hole in my heart—”

“I didn’t *reject* you—”

“I think I’m dying, oh shit, oh fuck—” he clutches a hand to his heart, lowering the seat back with the other.

“Funny,” she leans over him, “you dying sounds *just* like you coming.”

“Both are total out of body experiences, trust me.”

She leans in and kisses his cheek. “You think you’re hilarious,” she says, before slipping over to the passenger side.

He takes her home, just like every time before, yearning for the day when they’re both headed to the same place.

### **Author's Note:**

This was totally inspired by the latest chapter of Chain Reaction by FourthHorse (which you should ALL go read because holy shit). I couldn’t stop myself from writing this because mileven making out in a car is literally perfection.

The title is a little different, but it also stems from Chain Reaction and a shitload of music I’ve been listening to lately (10:37 by Beach House is a total soft vibe PLS LISTEN, and 5:32pm by The Deli is also good af)

This is for FateChica, pls never stop yelling about mileven with me lmao.

I’m so freaking grateful and happy for you guys!!!!  
Thank you for being so supportive & loving :D